



**Ask Her-She Knows**  
**the M'DOUGALL leads them all**  
Sign the Peace Treaty with the kitchen  
and join the league of Satisfied  
McDOUGALL customers.

**Some Other Suggestions:**  
FLOOR LAMP, ELECTROLIERS, ROCKER,  
FIRELESS COOKERS, DAVENPORTS,  
DRUGGETS, LIBRARY TABLES,  
SEWING ROCKER.

Everything in fact for making  
your home comfortable.

**The Waller & Trice Co.**  
(Incorporated)

**F.W.B. NUFORM CORSETS**

**America's Leading Corset**  
accomplish the  
**Waistless-Hipless Bustless**  
figure-outlines: Fashion's latest decree.

A model for every figure, (each exclusive for its purpose) combining Slenderness, Grace and Suppleness, with long-wear, W. B. Nuform Corsets provide "Much Corset for Little Money."

**Style 367 LOW BUST Price \$2.00**

**Style 355 FULL FIGURES Price \$3.50**

WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc. NEW YORK - CHICAGO.

**Use of Drinking Water.**  
Drink whatever water you desire with meals, but do not take ice water, and do not use water merely to wash food down your throat. Water aids digestion by helping to liquefy the food and by bringing the gastric juices into closer contact with the food particles. Water does not affect the enzymes and weaken them by dilution as some people maintain, because the power of the enzymes depends not on the percentage which is present, but upon their total amount and chemical composition.

**Trees of Sorrow.**  
The Persian "Trees of Sorrow" are so called because they bloom only at night. When the first star appears in the sky the first flower opens and as the evening advances more and more buds burst into bloom until the lovely tree appears to be one vast flower. It has a delicate fragrance not unlike the scent of the evening primrose. As the dawn approaches the flowers begin to fade until by sunrise not a bloom is to be seen.

**Children FOR FLEET CASTORIA**  
Every article sold by us artistically Engraved, free of charge. KOLB & HOWE.

**To the Old Men's Home**

By S. B. HACKLEY

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I tell you, Herndon, I'm getting tired of having an old nuisance around. As dependent as a baby, and still acting like things belonged to him! Yesterday he took a half-peck of those October peaches I'd intended to dry, to those dirty Bryce children; isn't there a poorhouse or an institution of some kind we could get him into? Answer me, Herndon Copeland!"

Young Mrs. Copeland sat on the porch of the great old queer-winged, red brick country house, her nervously energetic hands peeling peaches. A handsome old man, bearing himself with an air of stateliness that compensated well with the goldheaded cane that lay across his knees, sat on the stile in front of the house.

The low-spoken answer of the husband did not reach him.

"Yes, the home for old men would be more respectable than the poorhouse," the woman went on, "but who wants to pay that hundred dollars or so entrance fee?"

Old Allen Gifford had been brought up on a Louisiana plantation, and when he had married his young wife had brought him, unwillingly enough on his part, to her home in the Blue Grass.

Why he married Myra Herndon, the handsome girl wintering in the South, he never knew, unless it was that when his heart was bleeding over his broken engagement to Marie Balquet, and the rumor of her coming marriage, he was easy prey.

Myra had not been unkind to him. She had not sympathized with his vagaries, but she had treated them with tolerance; she had not troubled him in his taste for curios and antiques, and



Sat on the Stile.

when his fortune was gone, through his mistaken kindness to a friend, she had used hers for their maintenance without overmuch upbraiding.

When Myra was gone and her property, entailed, had fallen to her nephew, Herndon Copeland, there was nothing else for Allen to do but to stay with Herndon.

For some months he had been quite happy. Old Joanna, the housekeeper and cook, waited on him agreeably and patiently; Herndon kept him supplied with Havanas and a little pocket money. He still rode across the country when he liked, he collected his curios without mental apology to anyone.

Then Herndon had married Sophia Vail. A fortnight after she came into the house she unconsciously removed Allen's ancient candlestick, his bits of stone, his coins and his sharks' teeth from the parlor to an old outbuilding. He almost wept when he found a treasured bit of heavy crystal from the hot springs of Arkansas taken for a prop to a chicken coop.

Then the young bride sent away black Joanna and cared for the house and cooked the meals herself. Allen no longer had his hot water brought to his room, his chocolate and his hot biscuits for breakfast. Sophia declared that coffee and toast were quite sufficient for all her family, and that those who lived with her might wait on themselves, as she did.

Old Allen was troubled. The ladies of his household had always required servants; they had always been hospitable, generous, thoughtful of the old. No one of them would have dreamed of sending a relative to an institution of charity.

A slow tear—the tear of old age hurt—crept on Allen's cheek. He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief, and drew out with a crooked newspaper, which he had found on the road that morning.

He wiped his eyes and adjusted his glasses. To his surprise, the paper was a copy of a southern daily, and on its cover was a picture of the St. Charles hotel. He drew a quick

Charles since his brother Robert's wedding party went to New Orleans, thirty, forty, or was it forty-five years back?

It was the fashion then for other young folk to accompany the newly married ones on their wedding journey. He and Marie Balquet had been of the party—brown-eyed Marie, whose grace and vivacity had enchanted his heart, and of whom, even now, when he was old—sixty-nine—he could not think without a quickening of his pulses.

Their quarrel was over a red rose he had given her; and she had taken from her belt and lightly presented to the best man—a mere nothing, when one looked back.

Oh, to go back home where he had known her—once more to see the old express trees under which he had kissed her; to gather a handful of lavender water-hyacinths from the bayou, as they had so often done together in the old days—before—before they sent him to the Home for Old Men!

"They've old men's homes in Louisiana as well as here," Allen murmured an hour later as he bridled Major, his horse. "I shall put by one hundred of the two hundred Felix Sommers will give me for Major to pay the admission fee, to—to an old men's home in my own state, and tomorrow I shall go home."

In the late afternoon two days later the decorators, working in the parlors of the St. Charles hotel in preparation for a great reception that was to follow the wedding of a young Englishman to a city belle, saw an old man stop before an old-time mirror.

"It's the very same glass," the old gentleman murmured, tapping the face of the great mirror, that held near its frame a flaw or two, where with the years the quicksilver had begun to slip, "the very same that over my shoulder showed me the little affair of the rose. Wicked thing, why have they kept you?"

"He'd fit on Royal," observed one of the decorators to a companion. Allen heard him.

"I'm in the way here," he thought; "I'll go down on Royal and look at the curios."

On the narrow old street, at the door of the largest antique shop, Allen stood aside to let a little white-haired lady, with brown eyes that were sparklingly bright, enter before him.

"I had almost forgotten the old gold chain I had intended for one of my granddaughter's wedding gifts," she said to the proprietor. "Let me see the chains quickly, please; I've but a few minutes to spare. Indeed, I ought to be at home now, with but three hours between me and losing my all!"

"And Celeste is going to England without you!" The antique dealer spoke with the air of an old friend.

"Yes," she faltered. "Godfrey insists that I go with them, but I'm too old to be transplanted. I must stay on here in my home, alone and lonely, until I am called."

"It is not as though you were poor," the man consoled her.

"No," she answered; "if I were that Leslie would provide. But oh, Remond, what will my fortune and my great house be to me when I have no one I love to keep me company?"

Allen could bear no more. Stumbling forward, he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Marie—little one—look at me!" he cried. "Have you forgotten Allen?"

"Come here, Sophy," Herndon Copeland, standing by his mail box, called to his wife a few days later. "Read these, will you?"

"These" were the notice of the marriage of Allen Gifford to Mrs. Marie Balquet Joubert, of New Orleans, and a letter.

"My dear nephew," ran the letter's old-fashioned writing. "I left you to go to an old men's home, but on my way I found it was my joyous privilege to go to an old lady's instead."

"Cherokee Strip."

The so-called "Cherokee Strip" was opened to white settlement in September, 1893. This entire Cherokee country was not quite one-quarter of the old Oklahoma territory, being about 2,700 miles in extent. The Creek Indians ceded part of their domain in Indian territory to the United States government, in 1866 for 30 cents an acre, and the Seminoles sold their entire holdings for half that price per acre. White men were pre-empted by law from settling on the Indian lands in that territory, and it was unoccupied for a long time. In 1890 it was necessary to use troops to drive white settlers out, who had stolen into the territory. On April 22, 1889, these lands were declared open for settlement. When these rich lands were opened for settlement, 20,000 people waited to cross the line when the signal was given.

Paintings Infatuate Men.

The officials of museums and picture galleries can sometimes tell very interesting things about their visitors. It has often been necessary to forbid men and women from entering certain galleries where they have fallen in love with pictures of exceptional beauty. Men have become so infatuated with painted loveliness that they have made themselves absurdly conspicuous. The famous picture of "Mona Lisa" turned the heads of many men and some women. After "Mona Lisa" was stolen, many letters, poems and beautiful flowers were often placed before the empty space she once adorned. Napoleon was one of "Mona Lisa's" most ardent admirers, and when he became emperor and found the picture in the palace at Fontainebleau, he had it removed to his bedroom, and it hung there until his fall, when it was taken to the Louvre.

**Notice to City Tax Payers**

I am now making the assessment of city property for taxes for next year, 1920. Everybody who owned any property on the first day of July, 1919, Subject to city taxes is urged to call at my office in the City Hall, at once, and list said property. This assessment must be completed within a short time and you are urged to call at once.

T. E. BARTLEY, City Assessor.

**STOCKHOLDERS MEETING**

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the First National Bank, of Hopkinsville, Ky., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and transacting any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at the office of the said bank on the second Tuesday in January, 1920 (January 13th) between the hours of 1 o'clock a. m. and 12 o'clock p. m.

5t BAILEY RUSSELL, Cashier.

**DISTRIBUTOR**  
**Prest-O-Lite**  
**STORAGE BATTERY**  
CULL-EBLING COMPANY, Hopkinsville, Ky.

**FOR SALE**  
Choice Jersey Milch Cows. Registered and high grades.  
J. E. GOSSETT  
Phone 287-4.

**SPECIAL**  
BAKING DISH \$3.00  
See It Today  
HARDWICK

**DISTRIBUTOR**  
**Prest-O-Lite**  
**STORAGE BATTERY**  
CULL-EBLING COMPANY, Hopkinsville, Ky.

**FOR SALE**  
One carriage. Call Phone 783.

**DISTRIBUTOR**  
**Prest-O-Lite**  
**STORAGE BATTERY**  
CULL-EBLING COMPANY, Hopkinsville, Ky.

**RAILROAD TIME SCHEDULE**  
**ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.**

**North Bound**

332 leaves at 5:35 a. m. for Princeton, Paducah, Cairo and Evansville.

302 leaves at 11 a. m. for Princeton, connects for East and West.

324 leaves at 8:05 for Princeton.

**South Bound.**

323 arrives at Princeton at 7:10 a. m.

321 arrives from West at 4:10 p. m.

301 arrives from East and West at 6:45 p. m.

**TENNESSEE CENTRAL R. R.**

**East Bound.**

12 leaves for Nashville at 7:15 a. m.

14 leaves for Nashville at 4:15 p. m.

**West Bound.**

11 arrives from Nashville at 10:35 a. m.

13 arrives from Nashville 8:00 p. m.

**C. L. WADLINGTON, Agent.**  
**LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.**

**South Bound.**

No. 53..... 5:45 a. m.

No. 55 Accommodation... 6:45 a. m.

No. 95..... 8:57 a. m.

No. 51..... 5:57 p. m.

No. 93..... 1:01 a. m.

**North Bound.**

No. 92..... 5:24 a. m.

No. 52..... 10:05 a. m.

No. 94, Dixie Flyer..... 8:19 p. m.

No. 91—Due..... 9:55 a. m.

No. 56 Accommodation... 9:15 p. m.

No. 54..... 10:10 p. m.

No. 90—Due..... 2:30 p. m.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent

Subscribe for **THE KENTUCKIAN**